

Moderation Display'd:

A

POEM.

By the Author of FACTION *Display'd.*

ANSWER'D

Paragraph by Paragraph.

— Neq ; Tempore in ullo esse queat Duplici Natura,
& Corpore *¶*ino Ex alienigenis Membris Compacta Potestas.
Lucret. lib. 5.

T A C E.

L O N D O N :

Printed, and Sold by B. Bragg, in Ave-Mary-Lane.
1705.



The P R E F A C E.

AT a time when we are Celebrating the Successes of our Arms Abroad, and the Wisdom of our Councils at Home ; when there seems to be no room left for Complaints, and the Nation is only prepared to receive Panegyrick ; I am sensible a Piece of this Kind will be severely Sensur'd. For those that are taken up with the present Appearances of Things, who are by much the greatest part of the World, will be apt to say it is Unseasonable at least, if not False and Malicious : But, I hope, others who are not content with such superficial Views, (and to such only I wou'd Write) will see the Reason and Truth of what I have said, and own that it cou'd not be more Seasonably Utter'd than at this very Juncture, when we are lull'd with too much Security, and by that means may give Opportunity to a *New Set of Men* to Ruine both *Church* and *State* with their *New Politicks*. But if this Poem came out with all the Advantages Imaginable, I am not yet grown so Errant an Author, as to think, because the *First Part* met with a favourable Reception, that I am now therefore Privileg'd to Dictate to the Readers Judgment, and to ascribe to my own Merit what was only owing to his Candour, or perhaps Partiality. Be that the Business of *Dedicating Poets*. I have no Ambition of gaining the Reputation of one. 'Tis the last Thing I should desire.

My Aim is of another sort, and I am abundantly rewarded, if I have been able to Contribute any thing to the Publick Service, by Detecting the Principles and Practices of this *New Party*, who have assum'd to themselves a very Specious Name and Character, and would be thought the only Patriots of their Country. But False Friends are the most Dangerous Enemies, and they are yet much more so, when they are Invested with Power, and the Ministrations of Affairs wholly put into their Hands.

'Tis to be wish'd there were no Occasion for Invectives of this kind, that Great Men did always Execute their Trusts, and perform their Duty, and were only the Objects of our Esteem and Admiration. But when the Case is quite otherwise, when they become Treacherous, and Betray the Authority Delegated to them ; 'tis fit they should hear of their Faults, and the People be undeceiv'd, who are grossly Impos'd upon, by the Servile Flatteries of *Hireling Scribes*. A Generation of Animals, that always Infest the Doors of Men in Power ; and tho' one wou'd think their Trash could never pass upon the *Moderate*, the *Grave* and the *Wise*, yet they are sometimes thought worthy of Pensions, and Places of 1200 l. a Year.

It is indeed the just Prerogative of the Throne to be Approach'd with Humility and Petitions, even where the Subjects have Grievances to Represent. But I know of no such Homage due to its Officers. Nor can I yet be Convinced, that it is an Arrogant Presumption in Private Persons (as some would have it) to Examine and Censure the Actions of Publick Ministers, who (say they) being nearest the Helm, are consequently, best able to Judge of what ought, and ought not to be done ; whereas Men in a Remote Sphere, and at a Distance, cannot possibly enter into the Councils of State, and must therefore determine rashly, and without Knowledge. This is a Doctrine necessary to be Preach'd up in Despotick and Arbitrary Governments, where all is Transacted in the Cabinet, where the Will and Choice of the Prince gives a Sanction to his Creatures, and cannot be controverted without Treason. But in a mix'd and limited Monarchy, where the deepest Resorts of Policy and Turns of Government are in some measure known to Men of Rank and Condition,

Condition, and where a Right of Impeachment is lodged in the *House of Commons*, it can never be maintained; for that it wou'd destroy the Constitution, and Render the Accusation of Great Officers, tho' never so Guilty, Impracticable. But I would not here be suppos'd to Countenance that Scandalous Principle of *Appealing to the Mob*. I leave such Maxims to the *Relations and Friends* of a certain Lawyer, who at the *Observator's Tryal*, had the Impudence (as the *Attorney-General* very justly call'd it) to Insinuate, that *the Crown was in the Disposal of the People*. Nor would I be thought in the least to detract from the Prerogative, which no Man living has in higher Veneration than my self. For I think it never Violated but by a profligate Abandon'd Nation, and I wish, for the Honour of the English Name, our Annals had Recorded no Instances of that kind.

But after all, this *New-Moderation-Policy*, is not more pernicious and tending to the Destruction of the Government, than it is Absurd and Ridiculous in it self. For how can Men of Common Understanding, pretend to look Two Ways at once, to blow Hot and Cold, and fancy that every Body does not see thro' the pitiful Disguise and Artifice? They call themselves true Sons of the Church, and yet make no Scruple of opposing a *Bill*, which is absolutely necessary for its Preservation; because forsooth it is offered at an unreasonable Time; as if it was not as seasonable to make wholesom Laws, as to engage in a Just and Honourable War, for the Security of our Constitution: Can they hope for a better Opportunity than the Reign we now enjoy? They would be thought great Favourers of the *Church Party*, when upon all Occasions they take care to Discountenance them, and encourage only the *Protest Enemies* of Church and State, under a shallow Pretence, That they are a numerous and formidable Body of Men, and ought therefore to be preferr'd to Places of Honour and Profit, that they may not grow Mutinous, and complain of *Persecution*; which methinks should rather be a strong Argument for using all possible Means to suppress such Turbulent Aspiring Spirits. Nay, so tender are they of their *Dissenting Brethren*, that I am told it has lately been deliver'd as Law, by a Great Man in *W——r Hall*, that a notorious Perjur'd Vagabond, with two Wives at once, being possess'd of a Separate Congregation, though without any *Licence*, or Legal Qualification to Preach to them, shall for that Reason only be exempt from the late Act for listing Vagrants. I must confess, I cannot imagin how they would define it, or what Moderation according to these Practices is. The Logicians have stated no Medium that I know of, between Truth and Falshood, nor the Moralists any between Vertue and Vice; Every Proposition and Principle must necessarily fall under one of these Heads.

There is no need of a Prophetick Spirit to foresee, that they will render themselves Odious, and cannot Subsist long. I heartily Pity some young Gentlemen, who are unwarily drawn in; for they will find themselves Deceiv'd by their Crafty Leader, and cannot expect to be receiv'd by their old Friends again. 'Tis much to be Lamented, that a late Great Character Stain'd the latter part of his Life.—
But De Mortuis nil nisi bonum.

I hope some Paragraphs in the Close of this Poem will at least prove, that I have not Writ with Partiality, but have equally Commended Merit wherever I found it, without any Regard to a Party.

THE
ANSWER
TO THE
Preface.

*THE Author in his Preface is sensible, a Piece of this Kind will be severely Sensur'd: His Conjecture is Reasonable, because his Gross Reflections, are not only upon the Minor Part of the Dissenters, but upon the Major Part of those Worthy Members of the Establish'd Church; such as are the Most Refined, and Chief Supporters of True RELIGION and PIETY, these he Brands with the Greatest part of Infamy and Ridicule, and Publishes them as a New Set of Men, which Undermine both Church and State: So that his main Design is to make **Faction** and **Persecution** the Standard for his Charity and Moderation, this he has Display'd through the whole; else, why should he make such Patriots Guilty of Crimes they never knew, and Publish them so to the Community, and all under the Pretence of De-*
testing

The Answer to the PREFACE.

testing the Principles and Practices of a New Party, such Remedies as these, are just like Flies to a Sore; the more they Feed upon it, the farther from Recovery: His Faction does not stop here, but proceeds to Characterize those Persons who has Publickly own'd their Ingenious Sentiments for MODERATION and UNITY, and those whom HER MAJESTY, out of HER Donority, and for their Merits, have plac'd in a Station suitable to their Deserts: This is not only Degrading the Partaker of the Benefit, but the Prudence of the Director is Stigmatiz'd with Folly: So that the Main Intent of the Preface, is wholly to Undermine and Asperce Persons in High Stations, and to Blow up Coals amongst the Body Politick.

MODERATION

(1)

MODERATION DISPLAY'D, ANSWER'D PARAGRAPH by PARAGRAPH.

A Gain my Muse— Nor fear the steepy Flight,
Pursue the Fury thro' the Realms of Night ;
Explore the Depth of Hell, the Secret Cause,
Whence the New Scheme of *Moderation* rose.

A N S W E R.

*Once more my Muse these dark Designs Declare,
And trace the Regions of Impetuous Air,
Pierce thro' the Abyss of Infernal Rage,
And tell the Horror of a Factious Age.*

Now *Faction* re-assum'd her Native Throne,
Which prostrate Fiends with awful Homage own,
A Crown of Eating Flame her Temples bound,
Darting a Blew Malignant Radiance round.
An Iron Scepter in her Hand she bore,
Emblem of Vengeance and Destructive Pow'r.
A Bloody Canopy hung o're her Head,
Where the *Four* falling *Empires* are pourtray'd.
Monarchs Depos'd beneath her Foot-stool lie,
And all around is Hell and Anarchy.
Whilst thus she tow'ring sat, the Subject Train
With Shouts proclaim'd the Triumphs of her Reign,
Then they the Chaos sung, and Nature's Jars,
How the first Atoms urg'd their *Medley* Wars.

How

(2)
How Civil Discord and Intestine Rage,
Have boil'd in ev'ry Nation, ev'ry Age.
They sung Divided *Albion's* hapless State,
Her Clashing Senate's Fends, her lab'ring Church's Fate.
And, as her coming Ruine they exprest,
A sullen Rapture swell'd in ev'ry Breast.
For such the Bent of their Distorted Will,
Only to know Delight in Thoughts of Ill.

A N S W E R.

*Factions the Hydra which persues all Fate,
Raifes Rebellion, and o'erthrows the State,
In different shapes this Mighty Fiend appears,
And sticks at nothing, 'cause it nothing fears,
Sometimes for Fame, sometimes with Envious Pains,
Creates new Parties, and new Factions Brains.
Sometimes the Monster does a Visage bring,
And tells us Moderation is a Sin.
Under disguise to Heal the Nations Sore,
To stop One Rumour by creating more.*

But on a sudden, Lo! descending flew,
A Meagre Ghost, which soon the Fury knew,
Cethego newly Dead, her Darling Pride,
Whose Firm Unwav'ring Faith she long had try'd,
Long in her Secret Councils had retain'd,
By which her Empire o're our Isle she gain'd.
No sooner was arriv'd the Welcome Guest,
But him in soothing Terms, she thus addrest.
Hail best Belov'd of all my Sons, Receive
What Praise, what Joy these Gloomy Realms can give;
For 'tis to thy Successful Arts I owe
My Reign Above, my Triumph here below.

This

(3)
This said, th' Unbodied Shade obsequious kneel'd,
Struck with Amazement, and with Rapture fill'd.
O Mighty Queen ! Permit me to Adore
Thy Awful Shrine, thy all Informing Pow'r,
Whose nearer Influence my Breast Inspires
With Glorious Rage, and Mischievous Desires.
'Twas in thy Cause I sunk a Mouldring Frame,
Unequal to the Hardy Task of Fame.
But still my Mind releas'd from Mortal pains,
Her innate Faculty of Ill retains.
More he had said, but the surrounding Throng,
Impatient of delay, pursu'd their Noisy Song.

A N S W E R.

*Imbroyl'd when Belgick NASSAU first came o'er,
Faction then rul'd the Great Britanick Shore,
The Land in streams of Terror did Proclaim
A State Divided, and a Ruin'd Frame,
'Till Moderate NASSAU made them Friends again.
Oro was then with Zeal Exalted high,
'Till his Destruction prov'd his Canopy,
Faction he hugg'd, till Age made him confin'd;
But when he Dy'd, he left his Soul behind,
Inveigh'd now the Monarch strives again
To get his Footsteps in bright ANNA's Reign :
A QUEEN above such base Designs as those
Who would Ransack, and make the World Her Foes.*

Mean time the Fiend revolving in her Thought
The mighty Change *Cethego's* Death had wrought,
Resolv'd at length to Summon to her Aid
Each Plotting Devil, each Seditious Shade.

B

She

(4)
She gave the Signal, and a Dreadful Sound
Ran Bellowing thro' all th' Abyſs profound.

Then thus ſhe eas'd her Anxious Soul——

O deareſt Friends ! O faithful Miniſters !
Ye mutual Partners of my Joys and Cares,
New Ways, new Means my reſtleſs Thoughts imploy,
How *Albion* to Reduce, her Peace Deſtroy.
Long have I labour'd, but Alas ! In vain,
For now ſucceeds the Heavenly *ANNA*'s Reign ;
Who watchful Guards a Stubborn Peoples Good,
By Fears not ſtagger'd, nor by Force ſubdu'd.
Such are the Gifts of her Capacious Mind,
Where Juſtice, Mercy, Piety are joyn'd.
As Motion, Light and Heat, combin'd in one,
Make up the Glorious Eſſence of the Sun.
But ſtill ſhe Mortal is, nor will I ceaſe,
Till my Revenge be Crown'd with wiſh'd Succeſs.
Firſt then, ſuppoſe we ſhou'd deſtroy the Throne
Of Friends, whoſe Souls are Kindred to her own.

A N S W E R.

*NASSAU's ſhort Reign the Dreadful Satyr knew,
And Tribes of Envy did his Throne perſue,
He all along ſuch Prudent Counſel choſe,
Whoſe Conduct ſtruck a Terror on his Foe.
Clito the firſt of all this Prudent Race,
Spoke with a Grandeur as became his Grace :
Since Heaven (he ſaid) has Bleſs'd your Happy Reign
With Ruling Conqueſt o'er the Liquid Main,
Since all your Subjects too with Eaſe be Bleſt,
Since neither Parties have nor yet Tranſgreſt,
May you to Candour and to Meekneſs yield,
And never broach Opinions in the Field;*

But

But all Tranquility and Peace be shown,
And Moderation still support the Throne.

Celsus Disgrac'd, *Hortensio* next appears,
Whose Vigilance still Baffles all my Cares ;
To whom by Right of Ancestry belong
A Loyal Heart, and a Perswasive Tongue.
Now Plots are form'd, and Publick Tempests rowl,
He boasts a strange unshaken strength of Soul.
Fearless against their Foes the Church sustains,
Alike their Friendship and their Hate disdains ;
Disdains their Clamour and Seditious Noise,
Secure in the Applauding Senate's Voice.
Of Noble Stem in whose *Collat'ral* Lines
Virtue with equal Force and Lustre shines.
When *Snada* Pleads, Success attends the Cause,
Snada the Glory of the *British* Laws:
Not the Fam'd Orators of Old were heard
With more Attentive Awe, more deep Regard,
When Thronging round them, their Charm'd Audience hung
On the Attracting Musick of their Tongue.
Nor Hell to *Lelio* can her Praise refuse,
Whose Worth deserves his own Recording Muse ;
Who in *SOPHIAD*'s Court, with just Applause,
Maintain'd his Sov'reign's Rights, his Country's Cause.
For 'tis in him, with Anguish that I find
All the Endowments of a Gen'rous Mind,
Whate'er is Great and Brave, whate'er Refind.
For 'tis in him Fame doubly does Commend
An Active Patriot, and a Faithful Friend.
Then from his near Attendance be remov'd
Urbano, tho' by all Admir'd and Lov'd ;

Tho'

Tho' his sweet Temper and obliging Port,
 Become his Office, and Adorn the Court.
 He seems by Nature form'd Mankind to please,
 So Free, so Unconstrain'd in his Addrefs,
 Improv'd by ev'ry Vertue, ev'ry Grace.

Senato too, who Bravely does deride
Sempronia's little Arts, and Female Pride ;
 Whose Lofty Look, and whose Majestick Mien
 Confess the tow'ring God-like Soul within.

A Speaker of Unparallel'd Renown,
 Long in the Senate, long in Council known.
 Ally'd to *Celsus* by the Noblest Claim,
 By the same Principles, by Worth the same.
 Old as he is, still Firm his Heart remains,
 And dauntless his declining Frame sustains.
 So, pois'd on it's own base, the Center bears
 The Nodding Fabrick of the Universe.

A N S W E R.

Celsus Disgrac'd, cannot his Project gain,
Hortensio will Descend in ANNA's Reign :
Long has he sought by his Deluding Tongue,
To gain the Prize amongst the Vulgar Throng ;
But as fierce Winds which in their Regions blow,
Rise till their Baffl'd Glory sinks below :
So, the Design of Raising thus must be
Only a Plot to prove their Misery.
The Church's Glory, and the Nation's Fame
Never advanc'd, when they advanc'd their Name :
Peace never to the Kingdom was Insur'd,
Never by their great Vigilance procur'd.

Suada

suada the Glory of the British Laws,
Money for Moderation was his Cause :
He all along a Happy Genji bore,
And made his Conscience to encrease his store :
Hell may to Lælio her just Verdict give,
Because he thence Commission did receive ;
But fam'd Urbano, of no Common Race,
Has prov'd his Virtue to his own Disgrace.
And where Senato Rul'd, his Nature told
He lov'd his Station for the sake of Gold ;
Not for the Church's or his Country's Good
Would he a Martyr Dye, or lose his Blood,
Only Old Age must some Ill-Nature show,
Else he says, God will never Bless below.

Be these, and such as these, discharg'd from Court,
The Better Genji that the Crown support.
Then, in their stead, let Mod'rate Statesmen Reign,
Practice their new pretended Golden Mean.
A Notion undefin'd in Vertues Schools,
Unrecommended by her sacred Rules.
A Modern Coward Principle design'd
To stifle Justice, and unnerve the Mind.
A Trick by Knaves contriv'd, impos'd on Fools,
But Scorn'd by Patriots and Exalted Souls :
For, Mod'rate Statesmen, like Cameliens wear
A diff'rent Form in ev'ry diff'rent Air.
They stick at nothing to secure their Ends,
Careless their Enemies, betray their Friends.
Their Medley Temper, their Amphibious Mind
Is fraught with Principles of every kind,

C

Nor

Nor ever can from Stain and Error free,
 Assert its Native Truth, and Energy?
 As the four Elements so blended were
 In their first Chaos, so United there,
 That since they ne'er could fully be disjoyn'd,
 Each retains something of each other's Kind.
 Nor this is wholly Air, nor that pure Flame,
 But still in both some Atoms are the same.

A N S W E R.

Such bitter Genji should discharge the Court,
Who rather Scandal than the Crown Support ;
Who all the Chains of Concord strives to break,
And make their Faction of their Souls partake ;
Abandon Moderation for no end,
But make our Peace to Cursed Discord tend
To raise Rebellion, and un hinge the State,
Divide the Nation, and New Schisms Create :
Let such as these be driven from the Throne,
And ANNA's Conduct raise up ANNA's own.

Let Jano second of this Trimming Band,
 Next to Volpone deck'd with Honours stand.
 Like him for secret Policy Renown'd,
 Like him with all the Gifts of Cunning Crown'd.
 None better can the Jarring Senate guide,
 Or lure the Flying Camp to either side.
 Of an Invet'rate Old Fanatick Race,
 Of Canting Parents, sprung this Child of Grace.
 In Show a Tory, but a Whig in Heart,
 For Saints may safely act the Sinner's part.
 Once he was ours, and will be ours again,
 For Art to stifle Nature, strives in vain,

3. Pamphlet's
Vol. 1. A Letter to the
Author of the Memo-
rial of the State
of England. p. 29.
30. & 31.

For

(9)
For ev'ry thing, when from it's *Center* Born,
Still thither tends, still thither will return.
Let him with these Accomplishments supply
Hortensio's stedd' Faith, and Loyalty.
Bruchus, for he has Wealth to buy a Place,
Shall wear *Urbano's* Key, his Post disgrace.
A Worthy Son, in whom collected shine
The Follies of his Mad and Ideot Line.
Lord of the Woful Countenance, whose Skin
Seems Sear'd without, and Putrify'd within.
A Dapper Animal, whose Pigmy size
Provokes the Ladies Scorn, and Mocks their Eyes.
But Balls and Musick are his greatest Care,
So willing is the Wretch to please the Fair.
'Tis strange, that Men, what Nature has deny'd,
Should make their only Aim, their only Pride.
Let *Britono*, who from the Parent Moon
Derives his *Welsh* Descent directly down,
Succeed *Senato* in his High Command,
And bear the Staff of Honour in his Hand.
A flutt'ring empty Fop, that ev'ry Night,
Sits Laughing loud, and Jest'ing in the Pit,
Whilst a Surrounding Croud of Whores and Bawds,
His Spritely Converse, and his Wit Applauds.
An Atlas proper to sustain the weight
Of an Incumber'd, and Declining State.
Let these, as Useful Tools, a while possess
The Court Preferments, and Indulge their Ease.
But they shall fly, like Mists, before the Sun,
When my Design's to full Perfection grown,
Exert their Power, and make the ruin'd World my own.

ANSWER.

Jano has long his Care to Kingdoms shown,
 And strove with Glory to support the Throne,
 A Heart untouch'd, and Govern'd without Pride,
 A Faithful Subject, and a Certain Guide;
 Free from the dull Pedantick Statesmans Rules,
 Who make Religion and their Conscience Tools:
 He's fittest to supply Hortensio's Place,
 'Cause he can best Discharge, who has most Grace.
 Bruchus has Wealth, Need makes not him a Friend,
 He Governs Best that makes not Gain his End.
 A Soul like his Fam'd Britano has shown,
 And strove to make the Nations like his own;
 An Atlas proper to sustain the Weight
 Of an incumber'd and Declining State.

When thus the Fury had her Scheme Display'd,
 Assenting Hell a low Obeisance paid.

Molech, Protector of the Papal Chair,
 Author of Massacres and Christian War,
 Was now Convinc'd that Sanguinary Laws
 Could ne'er the Reformation's Growth oppose,
 Could ne'er in Albion's Church advance his Cause,
 He therefore urg'd with his old constant Hate,
 By Mod'rate Means consents to work her Fate.
 He finds how soon by Tolleration's Aid,
 Her Pow'r is weaken'd, and her Rights Betray'd.
 Nor doubts Occasional Conformity
 Will by degrees her Essence quite Destroy.
 Then Satan, Prince of the Fanatick Train,
 Who form'd the Conduct of their Glorious Reign.

ANSWER

Approved

Approv'd the Scheme, not hoping to Restore
 His Subjects to their late Unbounded Pow'r.
 For well he knew their Avarice and Pride
 Had weand the Bankrupt Nation from their side.
 But these Auspicious *Moderation* Times,
 By not Detecting, Sanctify their Crimes,
 By Baffling Justice, and eluding Law,
 Make Vice insult, and Sin Triumphant grow,
 Nay, such th' Effects of *Moderation* are,
 The Guilty to Reward, as well as Spare.
 Hence Foes to Prelacy are Clad in Lawn,
 Hence Rebels are the Fav'rites of the Throne.
 What could they more desire, than thus to pass
 The blest Remainder of their Happy Days,
 Fatted with Plunder, and dissolv'd in Ease?
 Nor *Belial*, th' *Atheist's* Patron, could Complain,
 For *Moderation* would enlarge his Reign,
 Where all unpunish'd Talk, and Live Prophane.
 Where Irreligion Providence denies,
 Nor Dreads the Laws of Earth, nor Thunder of the Skies.
Mammon, the Trader's and the Courtier's God,
 No sooner heard the Project but allow'd;
 For hence his Vot'ries uncontroul'd might live,
 And endless Frauds commit, and endless Bribes receive.
 But most *Cethego* the Design approves,
 Who Dead and Living in *Maander's* moves.
 He knew how he deluded hapless *James*,
 By the same wily Arts, and subtle Schemes.
 Proposes then, that he alone be sent,
 To Execute the Fury's New Intent.



ANSWER.

*To Heaven was sent the Scheme of things below,
 He gave his Verdict that they should be so.
 Moloch at which, through his dark Cell persw'd,
 And told the rest of his Infernal Brood
 What Heaven intended, and how Earth Combin'd
 To stop the Fury which by them design'd,
 Satan the Eccho heard, Inrag'd, he spoke,
 And into Bitter Flames of Terror broke:
 Since thus it is, let us persuant go,
 And say Heavens Angry with these things below.
 Then let us storm their Sanctity and Crimes,
 And Curse the Moderation of the Times.
 Tell them the Almighty will his Vengeance send,
 And with their Acts below, above Contend:
 Mammon the Idol of the Priest-Craft Train,
 Exerted most the Power of his Reign.
 If Heaven, he said, would not his Rights Defend,
 He'd Raise Rebellion, and with God Contend;
 Discord his Grand Prerogative should be,
 He hated Moderation Unity.*

*When he had ended, thus she soon replies,
 Blest be the Shade, that can so well advise,
 On thee thy Goddess Smiles, on thee Relies.
 Fly, nimbly to thy Native Soil repair,
 Urge and Inforce the well form'd Council there.
 Occasion favours, the Cabal is met
 At thy own Mansion, thy belov'd Retreat,
 The Muses Darling Theam, the Graces Seat.
 There Clodio's and Sigillo's Anxious Thoughts,
 Are brooding o'er Imaginary Plots.*

Whilst

Whilst *Bibliopolo* with his awkward Jests
Deserves his Dinner, and Diverts the Guests.
Bathilio, in his own unborrow'd Strains,
Young *Sacharissa*'s Angel Form prophanes:
Whilst her dull Husband, senseless of her Charms,
Lies lumpish in her soft encircling Arms.
For he to Wisdom makes a Grave Pretence,
But wants Alas! His Father's Depth of Sense.
Howe'er supplying all Defects of Wit,
He shews a true Fanatick Zeal and Heat.

She spoke—the Spectre in a Moment gains
Altropia's Balmy Air, and Flowr'y Plains.
At his Approach the Dome's Foundation shook,
When 'midst their Revels rushing in he broke.
Involv'd in Wreaths of Smoak, a while he stood,
Seeming at distance an unshapen Cloud.
But soon, the Cloud ascending to the Skies,
He manifest was seen before their Eyes.
Horror and Guilt shook ev'ry Conscious Breast,
But *Bibliopolo* most his Fears exprest,
Fainting he Tumbled ——— Pass we o'er the rest.
Clodio alone, fix'd and unmov'd appear'd,
And what the Phantom said, undaunted heard.
Forbear, My Friends, your Hot pursuits restrain
Behold your lov'd *Cethego* once again.
From *Faction*'s dark unbottom'd Cell I come,
Fraught with *Britannia*'s Fate, and final Doom.
For, Meditating Vengeance in her Mind,
At length a Finish'd Plain she has design'd.
Nor doubts by *Mod'rate* Methods to obtain,
What she by rougher Arts has sought in vain,
That *Whigs* should Triumph in a *Tory* Reign.

Thus

(14)
Thus he began, and then proceeds to tell
What *Faction* had before reveal'd in Hell.

Clodio was Raptur'd, and in Terms like these,
His Joy and Approbation did express.
Since thy *Divided State* permits, be thou
As once a Friend, a Guardian Genius now.
Give us to execute this Grand Design,
Thine be the Conduct, and the Glory thine.
Attempts that often Baffle Humane Care,
By aiding Spirits soon effected are ;
Their Knowledge in immediate *Intuition* lies,
Nor does, like ours, from long Deductions rise.

Pleas'd with this Answer, the Retiring Ghost
Condens'd the ambient Air, and in a Cloud was lost.

A N S W E R.

*But then the Furies did Descend in Hail,
And down to their black Habitations fell,
There the Cabal was Hell'd in Dead of Night,
For, always Ghosts refrains the Beams of Light.
The Council sat, but Furio with most Zeal,
His Anxious Thoughts did to the rest Reveal ;
He spoke his Mind, and Swore he would Rebel,
With all the Grand Vicegerants too in Hell,
If he could not his full Intents fullfill,
In carrying on his Chief Design, the Bill.
Then next to him Incorridg'd Binus came,
Resolv'd he'd venture all by Furio's Names,
Engaged Belial could no less forbear,
But did like Binus too by Furio Swear,
His Noble Mind should never be Disguiz'd,
He Rage and Envy more than Reason Priz'd.*

Hed

*He'd trace the sinking World through every Sin,
 And make all Hell Conformity within;
 But Heaven below engag'd the Enterprize,
 And Baffl'd all their Mighty Engins twice,
 Sunk down the Furious Phantoms Haughty Pride,
 And made Bless'd ANNA's Council on Her side:
 He Publish'd o'er the World Immortal Fame,
 To ANNA's Arms to Her more Glorious Name.
 He Rais'd the Imperial Eagle's Drooping Head,
 And his Great Terror caus'd Bavaria's Dread;
 Whilst Brave Camillo and Eugenio Fought
 He Rid Triumphant, and the Conquest Wrought.
 The Floating Guards upon the Raging Seas,
 He does Conduct and Guide them as he please.
 Nereo and Ormundo we'll Proclaim
 And Indian Spoil shall with their Fleet remain;
 Yet the Chief end of all our Praise must be,
 To shew Gods Greatness, and his Sanctity;
 So shall we see Heaven Bless our Arms much more,
 When Peace Rules her e, and Concord Keeps our Shore.*

Here cease thy Satyr, Muse, and form thy Tongue
 To louder Numbers, and Heroick Song:
 Here Celebrate, Unbyass'd as thou art,
 The Triumphs of *Sempronia's* other Part,
 Nor let her stain the Hero's High Desert:

Now the *imperial Eagle* Hung her Head,
 Drooping she Mourn'd, her wonted *thunder* fled.
 Now was she fitted for a Forreign Yoke,
 Her Scepter nodded, her Dominion shook.
 such was the Tottering State of Antient Rome,
 When Conqu'ring *Hannibal* Pronounc'd her Doom.

D

When

When yet the fatal *Capua* was unknown,
 That blasted all the Laurels *Canna* won.
 Where shall she Succour seek? Or whither Fly?
 Shall she for Ever in Confusion lie?
 Shall the first Kingdom of the *Christian World*
 Be Un-reliev'd in endless Ruin Hurl'd?
 Not so! Her Aid Auspicious *ANNA* brings,
ANNA the Angel of Unhappy Kings.
 She sends *Camillo* with an *English Force*,
 To stem the Ravaging *Invader's Course*.
France and *Bavaria* now in vain Combine,
 In vain their Fierce unnumbered Legions joyn,
 In vain the Thunderbolts of War oppose:
Eugenio and *Camillo* are their Foes.
 Like *Cesar*, both for Stratagems Renown'd,
 Like *Alexander*, both with Martial Fury Crown'd.

At length the Great Decisive Day drew near,
 On which alone Depended all the War.
 At length the Fight began, the Canon Roar'd,
 Nor knew the *Empire* yet her Sov'reign Lord.
 But soon *Camillo* with Resistless Arms,
 With double Rage, the Hostile Troops Alarms.
 The Troops that thought no Valour match'd their own,
 Till *English* Courage bore them Headlong down.
 Before his Conqu'ring Sword they Vanquish'd Fly,
 Or in the Field, or in the *Danube* Die.
 The *Danube* Reeking, ran a Purple Flood,
 Swell'd and Distain'd with Deluges of Blood.
 O were I Poet equal to my Theam!
 The *Future World* should Wond'ring read this Stream;
 Where many Thousand Warriors more were slain,
 Or than on *Xanthus* Banks, or the *Pharsalian Plain*:

Tho'

*on than on Xanthus Banks on the
 Pharsalian plain Parthian Nob*

Tho' these to all Exploits are far preferr'd,
 One by the *Grecian*, one the *Roman* Bard.
 Hence is the *Empire* to it self Restord,
 Revolting Nations Recognize their Lord.
Lewis no more shall God-like Titles Claim,
 Nor *Europe* Aw'd and Trembling Dread his Name
 Hence a new Scene of Happiness appears,
 A long Successive Train of Golden Years.
 So sav'd *Demetrius* the *Athenian* State,
 Oppress'd by Foes, and sunk with Adverse Fate:
 No sooner was the Bloody Battle won,
 But all his Fame with Adoration own;
 But on the Mighty Victor they bestow'd,
 The Sacred Stile and Honours of a God.
 But tho' no Altars we profanely raise,
 But tho' a less, we pay a juster Praise;
 All but the Blind Idolatry intend,
 Which Ridicules the Glorious Worth it would Commend.

When with his *Eastern* Spoils returning Home,
Augustus enter'd his Applauding *Rome*.
Virgil and *Horace* waited on his Fame,
 Glad to Record the Muses Patron's Name;
 And well could they in Ever living Strains,
 Describe his Triumphs, and Reward his Pains.
 But Modern Heroes, tho' as truly Brave
 As those of Old, not equal Poets have.
 No *Virgils* now, nor *Horaces* to Raise
 Trophies proportion'd to their Deathless Praise.
 An *Addison* perhaps, or *Tate* may Write;
Welpone pays them for their *Venal* Wit.
 But since my Muse, warm'd with a *Gen'rous* Flame,
 Unbrib'd would Eternize *Camillo's* Name;

Let

Tho'

Let him not such Homage pay the bridge,
Nor think that wholly Uninspir'd he Sings.

But, Goddess, still one Labour more remains,
Still *Nereo* Claims thy Tributary Strains;
Tune thy Harmonious Voice to *Nereo's* Praise,
A Subject pregnant with Immortal Lays.

'Tis he Extends the Heav'nly *ANNAL's* Reign,
High as the Stars, unbounded as the Main.

'Tis he, whose Valour the *Baravian* Wars
Inur'd to Glory from his Greener Years.

'Tis He *Le Hogue's* Opposing Ord'nance bore,
Nor fear'd the Lightnings Blasts, nor Thunders Roar.

'Tis He with *Scipio* Darling of our Isle,
From Vanquish'd *Vigo* forc'd the *Indian* Spoil.

'Tis He the *Streights* Defence so lately storm'd,
A Town by Nature Fortify'd and Arm'd.

'Tis He unequal far in Force, o'ercame
A Fleet secure of Conquest and of Fame,
A Fleet by vast Expence for Fight prepar'd,
At once the *Spaniards* Terror and their Guard.

For what can *English* Bravery withstand,
When *Nereo* or *Camillo* do Command?

It Vindicates the Sea, and Triumphs o'er the Land.

'Tis He Detraction's Baleful Breath has born,
But with a Noble and Heroick Scorn.

For let his Foes this Just Monition have,
Envy's the Cowards Homage to the Brave.

So *Aristides* long with Malice strove,
Nor could his Vertue win a Factious People's Love.



Note

FINI

84/174

84/174

84/174

84/174

